
RUSH IN THE EARLY WARS

By BESSIE A. HALLOCK

Town Historian, Rush, New York

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They sleep! The men who won for us our liberty!
Perhaps it is as well. They would be grieved
At these uncertain times, and wonder why
We, who have not learned in this known world
To live in peace, should seek out other worlds
To quarrel over in the sky.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION

1775-1783

The war was over. With peace came renewed interest in settlement, and again the wagons moved westward.

Among those who came into the Genesee Country with General Sullivan in 1779 was a Massachusetts-born soldier named Elnathan Perry. So impressed was he by the richness of the soil, the abundance of water and the agricultural opportunities that some twenty years later he brought his family to the present Town of Rush, purchased one hundred acres of land and established his home.

Of those days and of her father's war experiences, a daughter, Mrs. Elisha Sibley of North Rush, speaks in the following as told to a Post Express reporter in 1891. She says:

"My father, Elnathan Perry, was about fifteen years old when the Revolutionary War commenced. His father was 'pressed' into service and being unable to take up arms, Elnathan offered to go as a substitute. . . . He was in the United States service six years and eight months. . . . He served three years under General LaFayette. . . . One occasion the soldiers were ragged and barefooted and LaFayette obtained a supply of shoes. Father happened to get a good pair but most of the shoes were made of the cheapest material, and many were glued together. As soon as they were wet they fell in pieces, and as the army marched the men left a trail of blood on the frozen hubs over which they passed. . . . Father was a member of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment . . . that was stationed at Cherry Valley in the fall of 1778, when the Tories and savages

under William Butler and Brant attacked the place and butchered the inhabitants. . . . The morning of the attack he was on guard and in some way broke the screw driver of his gun. The sergeant gave him permission to go to the blacksmith at the opposite end of the village to get the screw driver repaired. . . . They heard the firing of guns and saw a crowd of Indians advancing. . . . Father jumped over a fence and ran around through the fields to the fort. . . . He was one of the few soldiers who escaped.

"The next year his regiment was ordered to join the army of General Sullivan in its campaign against the Indians of the Genesee Country. . . . The night General Sullivan sent Lieutenant Boyd to spy out the Indian Castle, Father was on guard, the last sentinel the scouting party passed as it left the camp, and he was the last of the army that spoke to and saw Boyd and his men alive. He used to tell a terrible story of the manner in which Little Beard and the other Indians tortured and killed Boyd and of the destruction of the Indians' towns and crops.

"Father was a tall, powerful man and never had a thought of fear. . . . Once a bullet grazed his face, and yet, strange to relate, he never received a wound of any nature.

"LaFayette came from Buffalo to Rochester on the (Erie) canal in 1825. There was a long procession of packets that landed at the aqueduct; then LaFayette held a reception and shook hands with the soldiers of the Revolutionary War. When it came Father's turn to shake hands with the general Father said he needed no introduction as he once served in a Massachusetts regiment and recognized his old commander.

" 'What was the name of your captain?' inquired LaFayette.

" 'Captain Brooks,' answered Father.

" 'I remember him,' said LaFayette, 'but I cannot recall you to mind.'

" 'Do you remember at the taking of Yorktown,' said Father, 'when our army had approached the fort at the muzzle of the British guns, the night was very dark and you were leading your horse, when you met a soldier and said: 'Soldier, will you

hold my horse for a few minutes?' The soldier took the bridle and you passed on. After a little while you returned and took the horse, and drawing from your pocket a piece of money . . . said, 'Take this and drink to my health tomorrow morning.' . . . I was that soldier." The general was much affected and gave Father such a hearty recognition that he ever after remembered it as one of the proudest moments of his life."

"When the military from Rochester went to Cuylerville in 1841 and removed the remains of Lieutenant Boyd and his soldiers to Mount Hope Cemetery Father . . . attended the ceremonies. . . . It seemed very strange to him to see the bones of the young officer taken up from the place where they had lain sixty-two years.

"My father died on the same farm he purchased from Colonel Morgan in 1806, on the fourth day of July 1849.

"He was a good man and a true patriot."

The following soldiers of the Revolution are known to be buried in the cemeteries of Rush.

In Pine Hill (including the old Jeffords Burying Ground.)

Isaac Campbell—served from Voluntown, Conn. Private in the 8th Conn. Regular Line. Died 1841.

Jabez Greene—of Coventry, Rhode Island. Served in Sullivan's Campaign. Died 1804, aged 42 years.

Amos Jones—Private, Conn. Continental. Lexington Alarm. Enlisted 1777. Died 1840, aged 94 years.

Peter Myers—from Hagerstown, Md. Enlisted Jan. 1776, 1st. Batt. of N.Y. Died 1843.

John Porter—Rennselaer Co., N. Y. Died 1820. Burial place not certain. Supposed to be in Pine Hill.

Nathan Jeffords, Sr.—born in Maine. Died in Rush 1816.

Joseph Jeffords—from Williston, Mass. Died 1851, aged 81 years.

In Pine Hill—but not traced. Believed to have served.

John Bell—of Hagerstown, Md., or Penn. Died 1822, aged 57 years.

Thomas Dailey—from Ireland. Died 1857, aged 91 years. Tradition places him in the Revolution or the War of 1812.

John Leycock—father of Mrs. Thomas Daily, died 1838, aged 88 years. May not be in Pine Hill.

George Lyday—from Maryland—1756-1833.

Philip Price—from Maryland. One of our earliest settlers. He was twenty-one at the time of the Revolution. His name is not found on a list of soldiers from Maryland but since records were frequently incomplete, it is

believed that he drove his own horses on a baggage train. In Rush he was spoken of as "Captain Price."

William Roderick—Died 1838, aged 75 years.

In Old East Rush Cemetery, known as the Crosby or Webster or German Cemetery, on present Route 15A.

Noah Pratt—Private, Vermont Militia. Died 1843 ae. 77 years.

In the McFarlan or Palmer Cemetery on Honeoye Falls No. 6 Road.

John Hartwell—Enlisted 4-19-1775. Was Minuteman and sergeant. In Col. Abijah Pierce's Regiment, Mass. Line. Discharged 3-1-1777. Died 1832, aged 74 years. Is believed to have built in 1828 the cobblestone house on the former Barber Road, Rush, now Hartwell Road.

Zephaniah Branch—soldier and teacher. Died 1812.

In Pioneer Hill Cemetery, West Rush Road, above Rush Village.

A. Eli Brainard—1817, aged 50 years.

In North Rush Cemetery, Rush-Scottsville Road.

Elnathan Perry—Rhode Island Militia. Died 1849, aged 88 years.

In Avon Cemetery, Avon, N. Y.

Col. William Markham—Born 1762. Served in Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Died 1827. First permanent settler of Rush.

In small cemetery on Scottsville-Rochester Road—Town of Chili.

Joseph Morgan—father of the first white child born in the Town of Rush. He was in the 4th. Conn. Militia. Served throughout war. Died 1829, aged 75 years.

THE WAR OF 1812

1812-1815

The War of 1812 made its impact upon the citizens of the section soon to be known as "The Town of Rush." Whatever security that the settlers had felt hitherto was dissipated by knowledge that British warships were abroad on Lake Ontario and that the Indian allies of Britain were burning and pillaging not too far west of the River. As the Price Genealogical Record says: "During the war so close at their doors, they lived in a constant state of alarm and were prepared at all times to remove at a moment's notice to a place of greater safety." Therefore, when a call for volunteers went out, the men responded quickly.

When she was nearly ninety-five years of age, Mrs. Rebecca Price, wife of Peter Price, the town's first lawyer, recalled those days in the following:

"My husband, holding a commission in the militia, notified the able-bodied men of the Town of Rush to meet at Bloomfield for the purpose of making a draft; but a draft was not needed, as thirty-three men volunteered, which was the quota for this town. On the following day they were enrolled and started for the Niagara frontier. They served three months. Only one man was killed. Several were taken prisoner and were sent to England, but returned after the war."

As no mention was made of these being Rush men, I assume that she was referring to a company of six hundred volunteers under the command of Col. Philetus Swift, of which our men were a part.

Those believed to have gone from Rush at this time were:

Peter Price—born at Frederick, Md., in 1790. Lieutenant. He returned to take an active part in the political life of the town, serving as supervisor for eighteen years. He died in 1844 and is buried in Pine Hill, Rush, N. Y.

Joseph Sibley—who came here in 1806 and removed to Chili in 1812. He died in 1862 and is believed to be buried in Pine Hill, Rush.

Major John Markham—Brother of Col. William Markham. He was the pioneer settler of West Rush.

Benjamin and Joseph Jeffords—brothers.

John Case

John Sherwood

Calvin Diver

Mr. Schimmerhorn

On the nineteenth of December, a company was formed, which marched to the front but stayed only a short time. Among them were the following:

Dr. Alexander Kelsey—He came from Chenango Co. to Rush in 1811. Was killed by a falling tree. Is buried in the North Rush Cemetery.

Jacob Stull—Came from Maryland in 1801. Married Susannah, daughter of Philip Price and was the father of the first white child born in Rush north of the creek.

George, Jacob and Peter Price.

Alfred Jaynes.

Nathan Jeffords, Jr.—Captain—1786-1867. Pine Hill.

Micah Fishell

Peter Ackley

Warren Caswell

Among others believed to have done their part were:

El Nathan Perry—Veteran of the Revolution.

Dr. Andrew Kingsbury—Col. McBurney's Regiment, N. Y. Militia, 81st Reg. of Infantry. Surgeon's mate. Died 1860. Pine Hill.

Christle Thomas—Pine Hill.

Jacob Martin—78th Reg. Rennselaer Co. Pine Hill.

Jonathan Green—Pioneer Hill Cemetery.

Amasa Jeffords (?)—Old Pittsford Cemetery.

Ebenezer Hoyt—Died 1850. North Rose Cemetery.

Elisha Sibley—North Rush Cemetery.

Killian Martin—While not a resident of Rush until after the war, he is said to have had teams on the road between Albany and Buffalo in government service, and often stopped at Elisha Sibley's in North Rush. North Rush Cemetery.

Quoting again from Mrs. Elisha Sibley's Reminiscences, the following gives a further insight into what happened during those times of peril:

"The militia had three trainings a year and on one occasion,

John Markham, who was captain of our company (in Rush) warned the men to appear at the public square, but not a man came. Father (Elnathan Perry) put on his old Revolutionary War pack, and he and old Dr. Kelsey went around among the settlers and talked to them in such patriotic terms that on the following day every man appeared at training. The two old men had no patience with anyone who was not willing to sacrifice comfort and even life for his country.

"I well recollect when the War of 1812 commenced, and the fears we were under that the Indians would kill us all. When a call came for volunteers Father and old Dr. Kelsey were the first to enlist, then they went around together beating up recruits. They went to Buffalo with the company, but being looked upon as elderly men, were not required to perform the regular duties of soldiers.

"Father and Dr. Kelsey were with the company when Buffalo, then only a small village, was destroyed. . . . When the company reached Buffalo the British and Indians had burned the place, killed a number of people and departed. Father said it was dreadfully desolate. . . . The terrible scenes appalled some of our men and one of our neighbors was so frightened that he left the company and ran all the way to Avon. . . .

"Avon lost many men during the war. I remember a colonel . . . who was killed and scalped by the Indians, whose body was brought home and buried.

"The British vessels came to the mouth of the river and the sailors were going to come up to Rochester to burn the bridge and village, though it was not much of a place. There were only a few men at Charlotte and Captain Brown played a Yankee trick on the British. He took his company to a hill where the enemy could see them, and kept them marching around the hill, and it looked as though a large army was coming into the place. The British were deceived and did not come to Rochester."

WAR OF THE REBELLION

1861-1865

The people of Rush did their part well in the War between the States. Many of our young men enlisted; many, beyond the age for active duty, sent substitutes. The conduct of the war was costly. Unless assured that his family would not want, a man might be slow to "sign up."

Darkness had settled over the old Town Hall, and yet my grandfather had not returned. Since early morning, he had been out soliciting funds. Now, one of his brothers awaited him outside the hall, while within a group of potential soldiers wandered about the smoky, dimly-lighted room, their minds weighing their patriotism against the need to provide for their families.

A horse's hoof hit the bridge. Uncle John knew the sound. "What luck, James?" he called as Grandfather drove up.

"Fine! Fine! I've plenty of money. Tell the boys to sign."

So another group went off, some to sleep in the soil for which they fought; others to return and, after a long life, to lie in one or another of the town's cemeteries.

On Route 15A, at the northern edge of Rush village, in the old burial ground known as the German, Crosby or Webster Cemetery, the body of Corporal Robert Taft lies in a myrtle-covered grave. In October 1861, he enlisted in Troop B of the 8th. New York Cavalry and on December the twenty-ninth of the same year, at the age of thirty-six, he died at Columbus Hospital in Washington, D. C.

According to Miss Mary A. Hayes, historian and native of

Rush, when, at the request of relatives, the casket was opened, it held the body of a colored man. Whether this was the case or whether circumstances connected with his death and the preparation of the body for burial had darkened it, will never be known.

At the time of the Civil War, the town physician was Dr. Socrates Smith, a strong-minded, patriotic, Christian gentleman, who stood ready to help the Cause without question. One day when Grandfather stopped, the old man was ill in bed and very angry. "Is that you, James?" he called. "You want money, I suppose. Well, you shall have it, but I wouldn't give those other fellows a cent. Do you know what they said? They told me if I didn't give liberally, they'd burn me out. Now I won't be threatened and I won't be forced. Wife, hand me my wallet. And, James, when you need more, you will have it. But come yourself. Don't send any body else."

In spite of the tenseness and anxiety of the times, a bit of comedy touched the life of the village. My grandfather and his twin brothers owned a large farm and had some fine sheep. They employed four sturdy Irishmen, one of whom was Paddy, a man of great endurance and strength and entirely devoted to his employers, whom he called "the byes." One day, Paddy said to Grandfather: "James, there's a draft coming up. Oi think O'll stip over ter Canady fer awhile."

So Paddy "stipped," and the next day was back on the job. "Why, Paddy," said Grandfather. "I thought you had gone to Canada."

"So Oi did, James, so Oi did, an' Oi come roight straight back. Oi'd ruther run the risk ov a draft."

However, the draft did not take him, and all went well until the next election when Paddy's vote was challenged on the ground that he had gone to Canada to avoid the draft.

Paddy protested, but it did no good. Finally one of the men asked: "Paddy, if you did not go to keep out of the draft, why did you go?"

Paddy's eyes twinkled. "Why, sor, Oi'll till yez. Oi went over ter Canady ter buy a Cotswold ram fer the byes."

On May 23, 1889, the Rush correspondent for the Honeoye Falls Times, signing himself O.B.S., contributed the following:

"As we are about to strew flowers over the graves of the heroes, who so nobly fought the battles of the Union, it is no more than just to show what part Rush played in the greatest war of modern times.

"Our population was less than 1,700, and we sent to the front 208 men, who rendered to the government 587 years of service, being 53 years in excess of all calls, and for this the State paid \$10,600, which was applied to the tax roll of the town and went to extinguish our bonded debt for bounties.

"The number killed in action or died of disease contracted in the service was 47, or about one in every four. Four heads of families furnished three sons each, namely: William Ward, John P. Clickner, Almira Gilbert, and John Lapp. Out of the whole number 48 were born in town, 69 in the county, 103 in the state, 28 in the United States, 18 in Ireland, 14 in Germany, 5 in Canada, 4 in Scotland, 3 in England, 2 in Norway, 1 in Russia, and some of the number have no birthplace recorded. Out of this number only one deserted.

"A careful study of the records will show that Rush furnished some as brave and gallant soldiers 'as ever wore the Country's Blues.' Whether living or dead we cannot honor them too much."

The following is a copy of the Reminiscences of Morris R. Darrohn as written for "Green's Fruit Grower," a Rochester publication in 1910 of '11.

Mr. Darrohn was the son of Samuel and Harriet Simpson Darrohn, the father being a miller in Rush from 1857 to his death in 1883. After the war Morris returned to Rush and in October of 1871 married Ellen Greene, a granddaughter of Elnathan Perry, one of our earliest pioneers. The young couple went to live on what is the present Emil and John David farm. He continued as a farmer until he removed to Rochester a short time before his death in 1910. He and his family were all active members of the Rush Methodist Church and most of

them members of the choir, Mr. Darrohn being gifted with an unusually fine tenor voice.

Of his seven children three are living: Joseph Darrohn of Honeoye Falls, Clara Beers and Anna Harris, both of Rochester.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY ARMY LIFE

By MORRIS R. DARROHN

Rush, New York

On a bright July morning in 1862 I took my way up the creek where my old friend and school mate, George Provost, was cutting wheat, the object of my visit being to inform him of my intention to go and fight for Uncle Sam, provided he would accompany me. After some deliberation, he flung the old cradle into the wheat, and we marched away down to the village, where was stationed a recruiting officer. When we arrived, we were informed (being minors) that we must get our parents' consent, which was no easy task. How well I remember my friend pleading with his father for permission to go and how his father, turning from his work, looked him squarely in the face and said, "George, you do not know what you are asking for," which we found to be but too true. For could we have realized that beautiful morning the hardships we would have to encounter, I fear Uncle Sam would have had two volunteer soldiers less. Upon going to my father for permission, I found the task a somewhat lighter one as he seemed to give his consent readily.

Having our parents' consent, we were directed to go to the adjutant's office to be sworn into the service. Being sworn into the service, we were brave soldiers for Uncle Sam, except that we still wore our citizens' clothing which we were not long in exchanging for the much coveted suit of blue. Upon going to the quartermaster's office, he supplied us each with the following articles: A dress coat, a blouse or fatigue coat, a cap,

two woolen shirts, two pairs cotton flannel drawers, two pairs of socks, a pair of shoes, a knapsack, a haversack, canteen, rubber blanket, a piece of tent, and a large woolen overcoat. This completed our outfit with the exception of a "housewife," which consisted of an article capable of containing needles, thread, pins, etc., which was generally furnished by the soldier's best girl. I may here mention the arms as they constituted a part of the outfit. We carried the Springfield rifle and musket, and a cartridge box which contained forty rounds.

Being mustered into the service and supplied with the necessary outfit, we were allowed to go home for a few days. I must here mention the kindly feelings with which I took leave of the Sabbath school, who, the last Sabbath presented me with a pocket Bible, which I prized, and shall ever prize dearly. (Perhaps there are those here who bring to mind the occasion of presentation.) My leave of absence having expired, I reported for duty and was assigned to my position namely, "High private in the rear rank."

The regiment was organizing on the river bank opposite the Erie railroad bridge and above the canal at Rochester. The regiment was commanded by O. H. Palmer, colonel, and was known as the 108th N.Y. Volunteers Infantry. Great was the excitement of those days, friends coming and going, companies drilling, drums beating, soldiers everywhere. The time passed quickly and the 19th of August the regiment was ordered to the front. Being sick at the time, I was left with some twenty others who started September 1st. The time arrived when I must leave home. I slung my knapsack and bid adieu to all I held dear in Rush. About nine o'clock in the evening, we boarded the train bound for Washington and the front. The next morning found us at Albany. We were required to go to the barracks and remain until evening to await transportation, by boat. The barracks was a large school building which had been constructed into barracks or rendezvous for troops passing through the state. The condition of the barracks was so unpleasant I was truly glad when the time came to leave. My impression of Albany was anything but pleasant. Six o'clock

found us on board of one of those elegant steamers of the Hudson. After we were under way, the doors were thrown open and we were allowed to inspect the boat. Upon reaching the dining-room, the savory smell so far overpowered as to draw us immediately to the table. The colored gentleman in attendance supplied us with all the goodies for which those steamers are noted. In due time, our appetites being satisfied, we dropped a half dollar by each plate and rose from the table. After further inspection, and feeling satisfied that everything was allright, we secured the keys to our bunks and turned in. When I awoke in the morning, the sun was shining brightly. Hastily dressing, we made our way out on deck to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Hudson in December. We were just passing "West Point" as we emerged upon deck. We strained our eyes to see this noted place, but failed to see anything except a few large stone buildings away upon the heights. It was a truly grand sight, the boat plunging through the water with such force, and the everchanging scenes of the river. Arrived at New York about 10 o'clock. All were ordered below. When everything was ready, we were marched out of the boat and up to City Hall park where we made ourselves comfortable as we could until evening when we crossed the ferry to Jersey City and took the cars for Baltimore, where we were considered good as cattle, for they invited us to ride the balance of the way in cattle cars. Friday morning, September 5th, we arrived at Washington, and after learning the location of the regiment, started with high hopes of soon subduing the rebels and returning home crowned with the victor's laurels.

Found the regiment on Arlington Heights opposite Georgetown. All seemed to be enjoying themselves. That afternoon we spent visiting acquaintances and making new ones.

They had organized a brass band for the regiment, and, as I know something of music, they urged me to take an instrument. Thus I became a member of the band (E flat horn). Sunday morning about daylight, came the order which we were to receive so often in the future, namely, "pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice." Quickly as I am telling you, the

stakes were pulled and down came the tents, and now the troops began moving by.

It was indeed a wonderful sight to me. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, division after division, battery after battery, a continuous line for two hours or more before we received the order to "fall in." That first march of only sixteen miles to Rockville, Md., was one ever to be remembered by our regiment. The heat was very oppressive, and the rapidity with which we moved made the march extremely fatiguing. Heretofore every company had their ration cooked by men detailed for the purpose, but now it was every man for himself. Our cooking utensils were very limited, being a knife and a pint cup. The rations issued to me were six or eight crackers, better known in the army as hardtack, a piece of salt pork, a large spoonful of sugar and one of coffee for each day's ration. We were sometimes required to take eight days' rations when going on a march, which with our necessary clothing, accoutrements, etc., made a load quite sufficient for an army mule. You will see before I am through the soldier's stomach is one hard to be satisfied, one every ready to devour something good, and for which a soldier would take more chance of life than you would naturally suppose. But to return to our movements, every day found us on the move. For reasons I cannot give, we were from the 7th to the 17th before meeting the enemy.

The afternoon of the 14th we could see the battle of the South Mountain, our point of observation being some six or eight miles away. The booming of the cannon could be distinctly heard, and the puffs of smoke revealed the location. Near night we received orders to press forward. Our way was not along the graded highway, but across the fields and streams. It was quite dark, and when crossing a stream about a mile or two before resting for the night, as we descended the bank of the stream, several men put their shoulders to the breast of the colonel's horse to brace it in descending, so steep was the descent. It must have been ten or eleven o'clock when we halted for the night. The men were very tired, having

marched from Frederick City that day. We needed no orders to make ourselves comfortable, but cast ourselves down upon the ground and were soon fast asleep, dreaming of other days and scenes.

It was scarcely daylight when I awoke, and upon arising, found we were upon the battlefield for a few feet from where I slept, the fingers of a man were found lying upon a large stone. The light growing stronger, those of an investigating mind were not long in finding the person to whom the fingers belonged. Several dead men were found near and quite a number on the field. It was late in the afternoon when we moved through the gap and through the little town of Boonesborough. That evening was the first time we saw rebels. A number had been taken prisoners and were marching toward the rear. Some old men, some mere boys—even younger than myself. I remember how I thought if that was a sample of their army they would soon be subdued and forced to surrender when our 300,000 got into the field.

The next day found us near Antietam Creek, and we experienced for the first time the feeling which a shrieking shell makes. Quite a number had been thrown over near us, and I recollect a man picked up several unexploded ones and setting his coffee cup on them prepared to build a fire. Suffice it to say that fire was not permitted to burn.

The next morning we fell into line, moved to the right a short distance, forded the stream and went into action on the double quick. As we were passing a large orchard, the rebel bullets came through the trees like hailstones. The band and drum corps were ordered to stay with the doctors while the regiment moved on into the fight. We retired a short distance to a large grain barn where the wounded began to arrive. The scenes I there witnessed are indelibly impressed on my memory. Many I had seen but a few moments before full of life and prospects for the future bright, were lying then by the side of the straw stack cold in death. The barn had an underground stable which afforded a good place to escape the rays of the burning sun. The barn was soon filled. Others were

placed by the side of the fence which surrounded the barnyard, pieces of tent placed over some to protect them from the sun. The doctors were all busy dressing the wounds—wounds of all descriptions, amputations being necessary in some cases. This is only one scene of many, for this was the scene at our division hospital. The sights were sickening. I thought the greatest good I could do those poor fellows was to bring them water. By the way, water is the first thing a wounded man will ask for. In passing from the barn to the spring, I passed a man lying on his face with the whole of the top of his head gone; a young rebel boy lying by the side of the fence with his bowels in his arms, pale as death. I gave him a drink and passed on. Alas, such are the fortunes of war. The next morning the regiment fell into line to report the number of present and absent. "Is it possible!" was the exclamation upon looking down the line. Certainly half were gone; killed, wounded or skedaddled.

I can truthfully say, as I sat down to pen a few lines home that morning, my fighting propensities were considerably quieted. I do not think there was any great desire in the armies to measure swords that day. We knew a great battle had been fought, but the extent, although in the midst of it, we did not know. Those hundreds of miles away, by aid of the telegraph and the press, knew more of the battle than we.

A couple of days to bury the dead gave the rebels a chance to escape. The battle was fought the 17th and the 22nd we marched down the river to Harper's Ferry. When we forded the stream, bridges having been burned, encamped on Bolivar Heights about a mile back of the town. Then commenced the routine of camp duty. Reveille sounded at daybreak when all turned out to roll call, after which we prepared breakfast. Some would hunt up wood, others would sling several canteens over their shoulders and trudge over the hill about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to a large spring of water. I cannot but stop a moment here and introduce you to the scene. Two or three hundred men all anxious to be first, for but a few could be accommodated at once, crowd in for their place, all anxious to obtain at the source

and all in a hurry. Returning to camp the coffee cups were soon boiling. In the meantime a slice of pork had been cut, a sharp stick run through it and held in the fire. When it was well smoked and if not well cooked, a portion of the salt drawn out of it. Everything being ready we would draw around the haversack and proceed to stay our stomachs without further ceremony. We always took our coffee clear so far as milk was concerned, unless as we sometimes did, run across a cow, and I assure you that cow was milked clean for one soldier no sooner got up than another sat down. I could but pity the cow. After breakfast the dishes were soon washed. The drum sounded the sick call when all who were sick would make their appearance at the doctor's tent, where they would in most cases receive a bitter pill and get excused from duty or would be obliged to go on duty.

At seven o'clock the drums beat the call for guard mounting and picket detail. After which those left in camp would police up the camp, drill, or do some fatigue duty. At sunset all would turn out in line on the parade ground, at which the orders were read. After partaking again of pork and hardtack, the yarns would spin all about the camp until half past eight when bugles and drums would sound tattoo. Nine o'clock taps when every light was to be extinguished. While at this place our leader of the band was taken sick, and as we made little or no progress in music, arms were ordered for us, and we soon learned what it was to be soldier and sentinel.

I wish I could describe to you adequately this quaint, old town with its stores, shops and picturesque hills. The town is built at the confluence or junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, a single street running parallel with each river, gradually rising on the Potomac road to the top of the hill about two hundred feet high. Then following the road over a plain gradually rising about a mile, you come to Bolivar Heights. On the east side you find us encamped. Just opposite us, across the Shenandoah, on Loudin Heights, you see another brigade. Opposite us, across the Potomac, at a still higher altitude, you behold the Heights of Harper's Ferry on the Mary-

land side, where Colonel Miles surrendered so ignominiously, the place made notorious by the acts of John Brown. Harper's Ferry, the place where we all made our first acquaintance with something that sticketh closer than a brother—the veritable grey back.

October 27th, just at dusk, we marched from the heights and crossed the Shenandoah around the east side of Loudin's Heights. We had really started once more for the enemy and Richmond. I remember quite distinctly the next morning while warming myself by the side of a good fire, made of Virginia rails, how I stood too near, or the fire was too hot, for my pants were so badly burned that the front fell out up to the knee. I must say I felt chagrined at my appearance, with no prospect of obtaining others for some time.

A day or two later a man had the audacity to appear in the army with a wagon load of soft bread. He had taken the precaution to get a guard. The guard consisted of one man with bayonet fixed. They were moving along quite leisurely, the owner, no doubt, casting up in his mind the amount he would make on his load, for soft bread was an article seldom seen and greatly relished in the army. To my astonishment, as well no doubt to the owner's, a couple of fellows grabbed the guard's gun, others, the horses, and a couple jumped upon the load and dispensed it without ceremony or recompense.

November 10th found us near Warrenton, Va. The army was massed along the roadside and presented arms to their old commander as he rode slowly by with his hat in his hand, taking leave of the army. The hearts of the men were depressed for they had learned to love George B. McClellan. His removal was a surprise to the army. But now we were to be commanded by Burnside, who was brave and active, and who would lead us to sure victory. Our stay here was of short duration, and we were soon on the move again.

When down near Fredericksburg, feeling over weary, my old friend and comrade, James Ward, . . . and myself fell out of the ranks and took the gait "go as you please." We ran across the head and neck of a chicken if not the body, and proceeded

at once to dress it, build a fire and make some chicken broth. Being greatly refreshed, we proceeded on our way and caught up with the regiment just as they were moving out after halting for refreshments.

Our brigade was ordered to Belleplain, about ten miles distant, while the army went into camp. It was now nearly dark, but our brigade moved three or four miles and rested for the night. The next day marched ten or fifteen miles and at night found ourselves near the place we left in the morning. So much for the generalship of some of the officers of the army. The following day we reached our destination, the most desolate and disagreeable place this side of the North Pole. Our duty at this place was to unload boats, supplies for the army, and build corduroy road to Fredericksburg. The morning before rejoining the division we found, upon waking, a snowstorm had visited us during the night, and to look around upon the sleepers as they lay folded in their blankets resembled the graveyard with the exception of marble headstones. The mounds soon began to move, and shaking off the snow, began to pack up and kindle fires. The roads now being in a passable condition, we returned to our division, which lay about three miles northwest of Fredericksburg.

I wish I could convey to your minds the indescribable condition of the troops at this time. Up to this time, we had nothing to cook anything in. In fact we had nothing to cook. Nothing in which to boil our clothing caused great distress. Everywhere evidences of demoralization were to be seen. We had been in our new camp but a few days when on the morning of the 11th of December about 2 o'clock came the order to turn out and pack up. Daylight found us about a mile from Fredericksburg, where we rested by the roadside in the woods all that memorable day. A fog hung over the city until about noon when it lifted and drifted away, and now the work of destruction commenced. Our guns, 179 in number, opened. Conceive, if you can, the roar and tumult of 179 guns capable of being discharged several times per minute. Add to that number the enemy's guns which must have been nearly or quite as

many more, and you will have a faint idea of the awful roar which shook the earth for miles around.

Just before sunset I witnessed one of the grandest sights imaginable. The troops were ordered forward to the river. As they were crossing the open plain through the sulphurous clouds with banners flying in a strong breeze, the rays of the setting sun lighting up the scene, it was one never to be forgotten.

It so happened our regiment occupied grounds in the rear of the famous Lucy House, the one house opposite the city on the river bank. This was a large brick mansion with grounds terraced down to the road running along the water's edge. The grounds were decorated with beautiful locust trees and winding drives. A beautiful place, but so rudely entered soon laid it waste. The barns, sheds, etc., were soon torn down and placed on the ground to keep us from the cold, wet ground where we could catch a few hours of sleep and rest. The rebel sharpshooters occupying the houses on the opposite side of the river were delaying the work of building pontoon bridges, the other bridges having been burned when the army appeared before the city. To dislodge the rebels the 7th Michigan jumped into boats and pulled for the other shore. Though lead rained heavily, they pulled with a will and soon gained the other side where the Johnnys jumped and ran, leaving the coast clear. The work of building the bridges now began. Details were made from the troops lying near to assist in carrying boats and planks.

Friday morning, the 12th, about ten o'clock, General Frency at the head of our division, rode over and we marched into and took possession of the town. We moved up as far as Caroline street where we filed to the right a short distance, halted and stacked arms. Orders were given to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Then commenced the ransacking of the town. The men were wild with hunger for something better than pork and hardtack. Tobacco, an article so much sought for, was found to be plenty, in all shapes, from the boxes of plug to the braided stick. It was indeed a laughable sight to see men

carrying great boxes of tobacco through the streets on their heads and any way to carry them. One man of my company, having found some wine, brought all he could carry in a wash tub, and asked the boys up to have something at his expense.

I shall never forget an incident that occurred there at our company's quarters that afternoon. A comrade found a file of papers up in an old garret. Not having seen a paper in a long time, he thought it would be a good joke to go out and offer them for sale. No sooner thought of than out he goes with a good armful, "Baltimore Clipper, 10 cents apiece" rang out clear and strong. Officers and men flocked around eager to purchase, several purchasing before the fraud was discovered.

The needless destruction of property was a surprise to me, who had been taught to take the greatest care to preserve. To see jewelry cast into the street, beautiful dwellings entered and furniture demolished, elegant carpets trampled with muddy feet, pianos thumped by the crowd was indeed a sacrilegious sight. As for myself, my ambition was to find something good to eat. Having found some flour and corn meal in a flour chest in somebody's well-filled larder, I appropriated a portion—what I could conveniently carry. Going into the cellar of another house, I found a barrel of cut sugar. I took five or six pounds just to satisfy the hunger of my sweet tooth. Some were busy all night baking pies and biscuit. To use a common expression, we lived high.

Saturday morning dawned bright and crisp. About ten o'clock we were ordered to fall into line. We moved up into the next street and rested, standing or lying on either side of the street for an hour or more, when the first thing we knew a solid shot came down from the rebel battery upon Marcy's Heights, about three-quarters of a mile back of the town; the shot passing through a brick house by the side of which I was standing, not ten feet above my head, struck on the sidewalk on the other side of the street, wounding several. The first shot was succeeded by others, and the column began moving. In closing up we went on the double quick. The string by which my little bag of sugar was held gave way and I had to

leave it where it fell. We hurried on, and upon reaching the railroad, filed to the right and along the depot where the shells were dropping continually, but on we pushed, leaving the railroad to the left. On we go up towards the old Ashery. When crossing a sluice, I notice several men with both legs shot off just below the knees, who said as we came up, "Pass on, boys. Don't stop to look at me." The carnage at this time was simply terrible. Upon reaching the Ashery, we halted a few moments, throwing ourselves flat on our faces. At this time we got separated from the rest of the brigade. Upon rising again we ran as fast as we could go for perhaps sixty or eighty rods under fire at every step. When passing an old house, I stopped long enough to take off my haversack (which was hindering my locomotion) and slung it against the house where I could find it again. On we go to where our forces are lying behind a knoll. We were about thirty rods from the road running along the bottom of the heights where the rebel infantry were lying behind a stone wall. We took our place on the extreme left. From this point to the rebel skirmish line on our left across a level upon a hill was about eighty rods distant. We kept up a continual firing, which prevented the enemy from concentrating theirs and obtaining a cross or enfilading fire upon us. Several charges were made during the day, but each failed to accomplish the desired result.

About two o'clock our brigade was ordered from the field, but for some reason we failed to get the order, and we remained until dark. Some time in the afternoon I began to feel longings for my haversack. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted it. So I asked the officer commanding my company if I could go and get it. He advised me not to go as I must cross a space of ten or fifteen rods directly under the enemy's fire. I determined to take the risk, and away I sped as fast as I could. Whether I so much surprised the Johnnys they could not shoot or they were not suspecting any such adventure, I cannot say. However, I reached the house in safety and found my treasure. Picking up the "grub bag" I started back. But this time they were ready for me and before

I had reached half way, the bullets came zip, zip, ping! but not being exactly in the way, was not hit. I pressed on and got back safe and sound.

Just after sunset I witnessed a scene long to be remembered. Some brigade had been sent to reinforce or relieve us at the front, and as they came up in line of battle with banners flying, great gaps were made in their ranks by bursting shells and whistling bullets. They close up their ranks again, and on they come, still on. Now they halt. Look! See! They are going to fire, and they did let a volley into us. Our color bearer had been negligent and had his colors furled, but now we were all awake to our danger and our colors were immediately unfurled and the firing ceased. It soon became dark. We left the field and found our way back to the city and our old quarters. Details were sent out during the night to bring in the dead and wounded. Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. The regiment fell into line and marched back to the bank of the river, where we lay until Monday eve. All that Sabbath day we lay there expecting at any moment the opening of the rebel guns, but nothing disturbed the stillness save the occasional shot on the skirmish line or the chirping of the birds in the trees. Here and there were men to be seen with pencil and paper writing a few lines home, telling how the battle went or how some comrade gave his life for his country. All day Monday we hugged the river bank, not being allowed to go up into town. About nine o'clock in the evening came the order to us, "Move out quietly as possible," and in five minutes we were recrossing the river. "Thank, God, we are out of that trap," was the expression of many as we crossed the bridge and moved leisurely along back to our old camp.

The next morning a detail of fifty men from our regiment was sent down to our division hospital to bury the dead or wounded who had died. I was one of the number. We dug a trench about three feet deep, six feet wide and forty or fifty long, wherein we placed them side by side, folded in their blankets. When all was ready to cover, a gentleman dressed in citizen's clothing stepped forward and said, "Men, let us not

bury these men like the brute, but have a word of prayer and implore God's gracious care for their souls." From the lips of many came the response, Amen.

The reported loss of our forces was 10,000, but the actual loss was more than twice that number. Thus ended the great battle of Fredericksburg.

FROM CHARLES D. LOZIER'S DIARY

Enlisted February 8, 1862, in Co. F. 1st N.Y. Engineers

Born 1843; died January 24, 1933, aged 90 years. Mr. Lozier was the last Civil War veteran of the Town of Rush. He is buried in Pine Hill Cemetery.

Friday, January 1, 1864

Morris Island. Spent the day as well as I could expect. The wind blew a hurricane. A flagstaff was to be erected on Fort Strong but as the wind was so strong did not succeed.

Saturday 2

The length of the flagstaff is ninety-one feet out of the ground. The thermometer was down to 20 degrees out to the front all day.

Sunday 3

The rebs fired a number of shots today, doing no damage.

Tuesday 5

Out to the front today. The rebs fired one shot. It rained quite hard at times. The tide was very high.

Wednesday 6

In camp. It rained all day. Received a box from home with some fine blue shirts.

Friday 8

To the front today. It was very cold. The rebs fired about 15 shots. We answered with about the same.

Tuesday 12

Went to the front to see the raising of the flag on Fort Wagner, fired a salute of 35 guns.

Thursday 14

Out to the front. It is fair. They have fired over two thousand shots into the city from one 30 pounder. Keep firing at intervals of 5 minutes.

Wednesday 20

Received the mail by the Fulton. Fired all day at 15 minute intervals into the city. The rebs shelled the Marsh last night.

Saturday 30

Continued to bombard Fort Sumpter. It is very fine weather for this time of year. No news in camp. Out to the front.

Tuesday, February 2

Today I was on detail. As I was going up I saw a blockade runner ashore off Sullivan's Island. Our battery opened and partially destroyed her. The rebs fired very fast, which made it hot for the detail; 3 men hurt.

Monday 8

In camp today. . . . Received our mail after numerous delays. . . . I am two years in the service today. I hope with the help of God I will be able to serve another year as well as I have done the past. Amen.

Monday, April 18

We started after our bread over to Cole's Island. Some colored troops came to this place today.

Thursday, May 5

This morning we embarked on the steamer "Rebecca Barton" and sailed for Fortress Monroe. Arrived. Received orders to go to Newport News, from there to follow the expedition. Sailed up the James River. . . . army found at City Point.

Sunday, May 8

Today I was on detail . . . digging rifle pits and redouts. . . . Very hot today.

Monday, May 9

This morning we started on a march at 3 o'clock. After going some 10 miles we arrived at Chester Station, 13 miles from Richmond. We tore up the track for more than 3 miles, our forces meeting the rebs, giving them battle, firing till dark, our men holding the battlefield.

Friday, May 18

Hear good news from Grant's army.

Thursday, June 2

This morning the rebs thought they would shell us. Our boys not answering much, the rebs thought we had left in the morning. They drove in our men. Our boys getting reenforced drove the rebs in turn . . . at three o'clock in the afternoon we occupied the same position we had formerly.

Saturday, June 18

. . . This morning before daylight heard firing in direction of Petersburg. The rebs opened on some of their men, who attempted to desert to our army. A good number came in safe.

Tuesday, July 12

An expedition returned this morning after burning the wheat and the gristmill which they went to do. Took 15 rebs and shot one dead. Two men wounded on our side.

Saturday, Sept. 3

Was sent out on detail today. We worked at stockading. . . . Hear that Atlanta is taken by General Sherman. Co. L men went home today. Discharged. Heavy firing in direction of Petersburg.

Thursday, September 8

Was on camp guard. . . . Five months from today my time is out.

Saturday, September 24

A very heavy salute was fired . . . along the entire line for Sheridan's great victory.

Sunday, September 25

Loud cheers were given in all the camps in honor of General Sheridan's victory, capturing 8,000 prisoners.

Tuesday, September 27

Some rebel deserters say that the cause is hopeless.

Thursday, September 29

Marched all night. Crossed the James River. Started for the rebel breastworks . . . our boys charge, capturing some 13 guns and a number of prisoners.

Thursday, October 6

Could hear some heavy musketry. Hear the Johnnies created some havoc among the cavalry but the infantry repaid all damage.

Monday, November 7

The troops lay under arms all night, expecting an attack but no enemy came. Not a single shot was fired on either side.

Thursday, November 24

Today is Thanksgiving so we have a day of rest and a good dinner.

Thursday, December 15

On guard today. This morning early the pickets had a brush but nothing serious happened.

Friday, December 16

Came off guard this morning, so I had the rest of the day to myself. I repaired my chimney and split enough wood for a day or so.

Tuesday, December 20

Came off guard, so I had the rest of the day to myself, reading, washing my clothes. In the afternoon I took a walk . . . and bought a diary for 1865. Mike Hennessey started for home. He was very much pleased.

(For some weeks nearly every entry mentioned one or more of the company leaving for home, their time being up.)

Wednesday, December 21

Today on detail but as it rained so terrible hard we were unable for to do anything. Five men were executed for the crime of deserting to the rebs. I seen the men after they were shot.

Saturday, December 31

Today we are to have inspection and muster and two months' pay, but as it rains, we will be inspected in our tents.

1865

DIARY OF CHAS. D. LOZIER

Co. F. 1st. N.Y. Vol. Engineers

On New Market Rd., about 5½ Miles from Richmond

Jan. 1—Sunday

This is New Years!—Four of us went a-hunting after rabbits. Got three and made a good stew of them. In the evening we had a good, jolly party and as much as I wanted to eat.

January 3—Tuesday

Towards dusk, as I expected, it commenced to snow quite hard. It will make it bad for the troops, who went away today on some expedition. We are quite sure it will be a strike at Wilmington again.

Jan. 6—Friday

The roads are in horrible condition. Two men were caught trying to get to the rebs.—They will be shot—sure.

Jan. 7—Saturday

Two men were shot for attempt desertion.

Jan. 9—Monday

About nine o'clock—the long roll was beaten along the line—the only cause I know of is the pickets commenced to fire a little. Our company did not notice it at all.

Jan. 12—Thursday

Captain started for Bermuda Hundred today, but as the pontoons are swept away, he had to come back. It makes sad havoc among the troops for no rations can get to them. We

had one of the best dinners today we had in a long time. The bill of fare was roast beef and onions.

Jan. 15—Sunday

Capt. S. C. Eaton took his leave of us, his time being out. He was our Captain for the entire three years. The men liked him very much. May God speed him in everything he does.

Jan. 19—Thursday

Heard some firing towards Bermuda Hundred. Found it did not amount to much for it was amongst the pickets.

Jan. 20—Friday

The Lieutenant sent me with an order on the other side of the James after wagons for to get some lumber for the earth-works . . . found that they were entirely out of lumber so I had to come back without bringing any. Got safely in camp about sundown, played out.

Jan. 21—Saturday

Wrote letter to my folks. Sent my ambrotype.

Jan. 24—Tuesday

Some very heavy cannonading last evening towards Dutch Gap. Hear that our gunners sank one ram and drove two ashore. Our troops were cheering about the victory and commenced to fire a salute when the Johnnies opened all their guns on our works. No serious damage done for most of the shots went over. None came near the camp.

Jan. 26—Thursday

Our pickets had a squabble with the rebs. However, it blew off without much disturbance. A report is around that our regiment has marching orders—where, no one knows. Hope we stay where we are.

Jan. 28—Saturday

Cold as Greenland. A division of the eighth corps passed through this morning to some place down the line. They will have a hard time of it.

Jan. 29—Sunday

Last night was one of the stillest we have had in a long

time—not a shot was fired—at least we heard none. I wish it would remain so for my time is most out and I don't want to see any more.

Jan. 31—Tuesday

Started early this morning with the teams after lumber on the other side of the river... we found the pontoon broke... saw a few shells burst over Dutch Gap from rebel guns. A large squad of Johnnies went from Butler Headquarters to Bermuda Hundred—They were mostly deserters.

Saturday—Feb. 4

I took 400 ft. of 2-in. plank to redoubt No. 1 on the Grover Farm defenses.

Feb. 6—Monday

I got my clothes ready for to go home. Turned my gun and equipment over to the government.

Feb. 7—Tuesday

I went down to Headquarters and was mustered out of the service of the United States, my time—three years—having expired. It is one of the happiest things that ever happened to me.

Feb. 8—Wednesday

This morning (went) to the Provost Marshal for a pass to Ft. Monroe and the quartermaster for transportation. Got every thing all right and went on board of the mail boat, Daniel Webster. Stopped an hour at City Point. A lot of prisoners there for Ft. Monroe, which place we arrived at about half-past four.

Feb. 10—Friday

Arrived at Baltimore in good time for the mail train. Arrived in New York City about sundown.

* * * *

I feel contented now for I am with my folks once more.

Names of boats I have been on.* (Some illegible).

Charter Oak, Island City, Mayflower, Boston, Standish, Philadelphia, Dictator, Northern Light, Rebecca Barton, George Washington, Ironsides, Daniel Webster, Louisiana.

Names of place I have been in*

Milton Head, S.C.—work.	Porter Creek, Va.—battle.
Tybee Island, Ga.—siege.	Appomattox River, Va.
Cock Spur Island, Ga.	Peninsular, Va.
Blufton, S.C.—skirmish.	Jones Creek, Va.
Norris Island, N.C.—siege.	Hatches, Va.
Black Island, S.C.—siege.	Deep Bottom, Va.
Folly Island, S.C.—visit.	Point Rocks, Va.
Kiawha Island, S.C.—work.	Dutch Gap, Va.
Small Island, S.C.—work.	Crow's Nest, Va.
Long Island, S.C.	Chapin's Bluff, Va.
Coles Island, S.C.—bread.	Varina.
Gloucester Point, Va.	Aiken's Landing.
Bermuda One Hundred, Va.	Grover's Farm.
Chester Station, Va.	New Market Road.

*From Mr. Lozier's Diary.

ROSTER OF CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS

From Rush, Monroe County, New York

Co. D. 4th. N.Y. Vol. Infantry

Frederick Grube—Born 1832. Died 1904. Burial, Pine Hill.

13th. New York Volunteer Infantry

The Thirteenth New York Volunteers were organized under Colonel I. F. Quimby, a professor at the Rochester University and a graduate of West Point. They were mustered into service on May 14th, 1861. At Bull Run, they were the last to leave the field, having eleven killed, twenty-seven wounded and seventeen missing. They were at Yorktown, Richmond, Malvern Hill and Fredericksburg. After many skirmishes and battle they were mustered out on May 14th, 1865. Over 1,100 men had been enrolled when it was formed; one hundred and ninety of the original members returned. Some of these re-enlisted.

Robert Bell—Enlisted 8-26-1862 in Co. K. 13th. NY. Inf. as Private. Killed at Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., 12-13-1862, aged 27 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Christian Brandt—Enlisted 1862. Discharged for disability, 1862.

John D. Clickner—Wounded, discharged 1865.

Joseph Clickner—Enlisted 9-5-1862 Co. K. 13th. N.Y. Inf. Was also in Co. I., 140th. Inf. Corporal, wounded, discharged 1865. Died in 1884, aged 37 years. Pine Hill.

John A. Gilbert—Private. Co. K. Enlisted 8-1862. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., 12-13-1862, aged 17 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Samuel P. Gilbert—Enlisted Dec. 1861. In service one year.

John Latting—Enlisted 1862. Died of sickness.

Benj. F. Lewis—Enlisted 1862. Died at Columbia Hosp. 1865.

Philip Lipp (Lapp)—Enlisted 1862; killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, 1864.

Michael McDonald—Enlisted 1861. Died at Albany 7-29-1861.

William Ritcher—Discharged 1865.

George Wolf—Enlisted 1863; discharged 1865.

15th. Infantry

James McMurdo—Enlisted March 1861; discharged 1865.

17th. N.Y. Vol. Infantry

Henry Streamer—b. 1842; died at Bath, N.Y., 1915. Belonged to Co. K.; buried in Pine Hill.

18th. Infantry

William H. Roderick—Enlisted Aug. 1862; discharged for disability 1863. Died 1898. Burial, Pine Hill.

26th Infantry

Organized at Elmira, it contained two companies from Monroe County. It was in forts defending Washington and took part in major battles, such as Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg. When its members had completed their two years of service the regiment was mustered out.

Morris Haley—Enlisted 1861; wounded, discharged 1865.

Anthony Ward—Enlisted Dec. 1863; discharged 1865.

27th Infantry

Eighty-five men, a part of the 27th, New York Volunteers, left Rochester May 13th, 1861. It was mustered out on May 21, 1863, having been in eight battles. It was called the "Gallant Twenty-Seventh." It was mainly a Syracuse regiment. One company was raised in Rochester and one, Co. K., in Albion, Orleans County. It lost heavily at Bull Run.

Thomas J. Clickner—Enlisted May, 1861. Transferred to 22nd. Cavalry. Captured May 5th, 1864; died in Rush March 14th, 1865, "from diseases contracted in a rebel prison." Buried in the Jefferds Burying Ground section of Pine Hill.

42nd. Infantry

Philip Burger—Enlisted Sept. 1864; discharged 1865.

94th. N.Y. Infantry—Consolidated with the 105th.

Michael Fach (Faugh)—Private. Co. B. 8-11-1864. Died 4-5-1916, aged 73 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

104th. Infantry

Theron Cookingham—Enlisted 1862; promoted to 1st. Lieutenant; discharged 1865.

James Callen—Enlisted 1862; wounded and discharged; re-enlisted; discharged 1865.

James Eastwood—Enlisted Feb. 1861; died in hospital 11-14-1864. Burial, Jefferds Burying Ground, Pine Hill.

John A. Smith—Enlisted July 1862; discharged 1864; re-enlisted in the same regiment; died Sept. 30, 1922, aged 78 years. Pine Hill.

William Woodruff—Enlisted 1861; died July 1863 of wounds received at Gettysburg.

Jacob H. Stull—Died May 1900, aged 69 years. A veteran of the Civil War, being a company captain in one of the Wadsworth Guards recruited in Livingston County. Later, this company was consolidated with the 104th. regiment. He continued in service with that. Pine Hill.—From Honeoye Falls Times.

105th. Infantry

The 105th. was formed by the union of two regiments, an Irish group from Rochester and one from LeRoy. It was organized March 1862 and saw much

action at the front. Its first lieutenant was Col. Henry L. Achilles, Sr., of Albion. It had three companies from Monroe County.

Henry H. Ruland—Enlisted Jan. 1862; discharged for disability; re-enlisted in 8th. Cavalry.

108th. Infantry

In answer to President Lincoln's call for "three hundred thousand more," a full regiment of twelve hundred and sixty-three men was raised in Monroe County. The 108th. left Rochester August 19th., 1862, and by the thirtieth was within sound of the guns. Between that date and 1865 it took part in most of the major battles of the war, acquitting itself with high honor. On June 1, 1865, those who lived to return to Rochester were given a welcome such as brave men deserve.—McIntosh.

The 108th. was the second regiment raised in the State under Lincoln's call in 1862. It was recruited in less than a month. Its first battle was that of Antietam where it lost nearly two hundred. At Fredericksburg, it made a bayonet charge against an enemy esconced behind a stone wall. Under its constant fire, the 108th. was forced to retire. Later it was at Gettysburg and the Battle of the Wilderness. On June 1, 1865, it returned home with 169 men.

William Archibald—Enlisted 8-1862; died of wounds 3-17-1864.

James H. Coughlin—Enlisted 8-1862; promoted to sergeant; discharged 1865.

Edward Casey—Enlisted 7-1862; wounded at Antietam; discharged 1863.

Charles Cone—Enlisted 7-1862; discharged 1865.

Morris R. Darrohn—Enlisted Aug. 1862; promoted to sergeant; wounded at Battle of the Wilderness; discharged 11-1864; died in Rochester in 1910, aged 67 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Darius D. Dietrick—Enlisted 7-1862; died in service at Falmouth, Va., 1-1-1863, aged 26 years. Burial, North Rush Cemetery.

Adam Desmond—Enlisted 9-1862; discharged 1865.

George Feary—Enlisted Aug. 1862; died of wounds Aug. 1863, received at Gettysburg. Burial, North Rush Cemetery.

Thomas Feary—Enlisted 1862; wounded; discharged 1865.

Samuel Harris—Enlisted in Co. C. 7-31-1862; died 4-11-1885, aged 48 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Harvey Howe—Enlisted Aug. 1862; wounded at Fredericksburg; discharged; re-enlisted; discharged 1865.

Horace Howe—Enlisted Aug. 1862.

William Johnson—Enlisted Aug. 1862; discharged 1865.

George K. Knight—Enlisted July 1862; killed at Antietam 9-1862, aged 18 years. Burial, North Rush Cemetery.

John Maloney—Enlisted Aug. 1862; discharged 1865.

George W. Provost—Enlisted Aug. 1862; promoted to sergeant; discharged 1865. Died 1923, aged 80 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Nicholas Rickhart—Enlisted Aug. 1862; died at Washington Jan. 1863.

Charles Schmidt—Enlisted 1863; fate unknown.

Alonzo Storry—Enlisted July 1862; killed at Fredericksburg 12-13-1862.

James Ward—Transferred to 24th. Reg. Co. F.

109th. Infantry

John W. Day—Enlisted 1862; discharged; died 10-28-1886, aged 74 years. Pine Hill.

140th. Infantry

In September 1862 the 140th. was mustered into service at Rochester. On Sept. 29, the men were in Washington where they slept that night on the sidewalks. In November they were close to Fredericksburg enduring cold, wet, and unsavory rations. The three years were spent in pursuit of a soldier's calling, including seventeen battles, which took heavy toll. When victory came they returned to Rochester. The regiment had gone out with a thousand men, had had some six or seven hundred additions or replacements and came back to its native city with two hundred ninety men.—McIntosh.

Present at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At its first battle, that of Little Round Top at Gettysburg, its Col. Patrick O'Rorke, a former Rochester boy, was killed. It lost eleven officers and 257 enlisted men at the Wilderness. It was present at Lee's surrender.—Peck

James G. Clapp—Enlisted Aug. 1862; killed at Gettysburg 7-2-1863, aged 19 years. Burial, North Rush Cemetery.

Leonard C. Colt—Enlisted Sept. 1862; in Andersonville prison eight months; discharged 1865.

James Howit—Enlisted Sept. 1862; discharged 1865.

Charles Provost—Enlisted Aug. 1862.

Rice E. Martin—Son of Killian and Eliza Eaton Martin; born 11-20-1842; enlisted at Rochester in Co. G. 8-1862; before leaving was promoted to sergeant and later to Commissary Sergeant; wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness 5-5-1864; died at hospital at Fredericksburg, Va., 5-20-1864. Buried, North Rush Cemetery.

149th. Infantry

Andrew I. Craft—Enlisted May 1864; discharged 1865.

151st. Infantry

The 151st regiment was organized at Lockport and mustered into the service in October 1862. Its Co. E. was raised in Rochester. Was in the battles of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Monacacy, where on July 9, 1864, it lost heavily.—McIntosh.

187th. Infantry

Christian Ellwanger—Enlisted Feb. 1865; discharged 1865.

188th. Infantry

The 188th. saw little actual battle service. It was organized in the fall of 1864 under the command of John McMahon.

Silas Goyer—Enlisted 1864; discharged 1865.

8th. Cavalry

The 8th. New York Volunteer Cavalry was organized in Rochester in the fall of 1861 to serve three years. Not mounted for a year, the men found themselves doing infantry and guard duty. Later they were well mounted and trained. According to the McIntosh History of Monroe County, the 8th was the first to fire a gun at the Battle of Gettysburg. It returned to Roch-

ester in June 1865 with one hundred and ninety of its original nine hundred and forty men.

The 8th. Cavalry was recruited in the fall of 1861, mostly from the towns of Monroe County. . . . It took part in nearly forty battles. Its greatest victory was at Waynesboro where it captured ten battle flags, six guns and 1,300 prisoners.—Peck.

George W. Clickner—Enlisted Nov. 1861; promoted to corporal; discharged 1865.

Granville M. Gilbert—Enlisted Oct. 1861; killed in the Battle of Nottoway Court House 6-23-1864, aged 24 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Robert Lyday—Enlisted 1862; wounded; discharged.

Dudley Lewis—Enlisted 1861; discharged 1865.

John O'Brien—Enlisted Feb. 1865; discharged June 1865.

Robert Taft—Enlisted Oct. 1864; died in Columbus Hospital, Washington, D.C., Jan. 1865; buried in the old Rush Cemetery, known as the Crosby, German or Webster Cemetery on Route 15A.

Richard I. Ward—Sergeant; enlisted April 1865; discharged April 1865.

20th. Cavalry

John Hetzer—Troop M. Died 1899, aged 55.

21st. Cavalry

Organized at Troy, N. Y., the Twenty-First was mustered in in 1863. It served in the Shenandoah, followed Early's Raiders, was in battle and skirmish, sustaining and causing heavy loss. It was mustered out in detachments in 1866.—McIntosh.

Francis Roderick—Enlisted July 1862; died of illness March 1864, aged 20 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

22nd. Cavalry

Organized at Rochester, it served from February 1864 to August 1865.

James Corcoran—Enlisted Dec. 1863; wounded; discharged 1865.

50th. Engineers

Known at "Stuart's Independent Volunteers," the Engineers, to which belonged many Monroe County boys, were mustered into service in Sept. 1861. Their job was to build and destroy bridges, make roads, forts, redoubts, etc. Much of their work was done by night. On April 2nd, 1865, they constructed the last pontoon bridge to be used by the Army of the Potomac on its way to meet General Lee.

Randall Cook—Discharged 1865.

Charles Dailey—Sergeant. Enlisted 1-1864; discharged 1865.

George Lichard—Enlisted 1863.

William Ward—

Co. F. N.Y. Engineers

Charles D. Lozier—Born in New York City 2-22-1843; enlisted 2-8-1862; served three years. Was last member of the Lewis Gates Post 369 G.A.R. of Honeoye Falls. Died at the age of ninety. Burial, Pine Hill.

4th. N.Y. Heavy Artillery, Batt. M.

Samuel J. Roderick—Enlisted Dec. 1863; wounded; discharged 1865; died 1887, aged 46 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

Jacob Schneider—Enlisted 1862; discharged 1865.

Albert E. Lyke—Enlisted 8-14-1862 Batt. H. 4th. N.Y. Art.; private; died 12-18-1933, aged 92; burial, Pine Hill.

1st. N.Y. Artillery, Batt. L.

John Fisher—died 1905, aged 72 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

26th Artillery

Henry Golden—Enlisted Jan. 1862; discharged 1865.

John A. Worth—Enlisted May 1861; promoted to corporal and transferred to 22nd. Cavalry.

26th. Battery

John I. Lyday—Enlisted Dec. 1863; died at Mound City, Ill., 10-22-1864, aged 19 years. Burial, Pine Hill.

George Ward—Enlisted 12-1863; died at Memphis Oct. 1864.

Mack's Battery

Was recruited in the summer of 1862 and was not attached to any regiment. Its official name was the 18th. Independent Battery, New York Light Artillery.—Peck.

John Smaley—Enlisted Aug. 1862; discharged 1865.

No Record of Regiment

William Cleggitt—Enlisted Jan. 1864; promoted to corporal; died in hospital Nov. 1864.

Addison Greene—

William Lipp (Lapp?)—Regular Army.

Robert Powers—

William Ryan—

Also Buried in Pine Hill

Myron A. Bell—Born 1842; enlisted 10-1861; Bat. B. 18th. N.Y. Battery; 8th N.Y. Cav.; private; died in service Cav. Corps Hosp. Army of Potomac 6-16-1864, aged 20 years.

George H. Clark—Born in Parma, N.Y., 1843; enlisted 5-1861. Co. F. 13th. N.Y. Inf.; 9-1864, Co. C. 1st. N.Y. Dragoons; private; died 8-5-1925, aged 82 years.

Horace Martin—Enlisted Batt. H. 1st. N.Y. Art.; died 1928, aged 92 years. Marker only.

Samuel Martin—Batt. C. Michigan Light Artillery; died 1868, aged 39 years.

Truman H. Robbins—Enlisted 1861 Co. I., 13th. N.Y. Vol. Inf.; corporal. Died 11-9-1930, aged 91 years.

Lucius E. Weaver—Son of Benjamin and Sarah Mead Weaver, 1846-1936. Enlisted 1-12-1865, at Ft. Columbus, Governor's Island; promoted to sergeant-major; discharged 4-9-1867; service organization: 6th. Regular United States Infantry.

REFERENCES

History of Monroe County, 1877—McIntosh.

Landmarks of Monroe County—Peck.

Honeoye Falls Times.

Veterans' Grave Register.

Family Papers.

